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OTTO VON BISMARCK, MAN AND MINISTER.*

DID you personally meet Bismarck? What do you think of him? These are the questions promptly addressed to every notable person returning from Germany to the cisatlantic Continent. Though the speech be of Germany the thought is always of Bismarck. In the commercial cities, on the Western prairies, South, North, in boreal Dakota, whose capital bears his name, Germany and Bismarck are connected conceptions of the mind, as inseparably associated as the twins of Siam. From that day in September, 1862, when returning from the Prussian Embassy in Paris, he entered the cabinet of Berlin, he has been a factor in the world's affairs, of whom at first the neighboring governments and afterward all nations have been obliged to take account. No living man awakens in such broad scope both national and international interest. Intense personal convictions of duty to king and fatherland, combined with a moral fearlessness which com-

* I disclaim, at the start, sufficient detailed knowledge of the personal and official career of the German Chancellor to do it justice in the following study. While having the honor of his personal acquaintance during a brief but busy period, I can only claim qualification for the task sufficient to avoid any positive injustice to this industrious and brilliant life.

pels admiration, have created a historic figure which is destined to remain long in the popular memory. The world has at last discovered a man, and still stands looking at him in a sort of maze. It would fain touch him to see if he is of human flesh and blood, or whether he be an ogre, in whose arteries flows molten fire, whose hands are of iron, and whose heart is of granite. Is that towering form, surmounted by its magnificent brain, altogether human or altogether super-inhuman? An Italian at the close of the war of liberation might answer one way; a Frenchman at the end of 1871 another way; and the Germans themselves, at this moment, both ways. Can an American, with an ocean between him and his subject, solve the riddle in the right way?

Let us make the attempt. He is not to be judged upon the principles of the American Declaration of Independence, for he is not an American. The scales in which Washington, and Jefferson, and Lincoln are weighed are not for his weighing. He is bred a Prussian. He is a German of many generations of Germans. He is a monarchist by centuries of heredity. He believes by birth and conviction that kings rule by the grace of God. When we measure him it must be with the German standards. His portrait must be fitted to its German frame.

A strong will and personal independence seem to have run in the family blood, for the first recorded member of the family, one Rulo von Bismarck, appears to have so stubbornly contested with the Roman clergy the management of the schools at Stendal, early in the fourteenth century, that he was excommunicated. There is no evidence of his recantation in consequence of it. Excommunication was applied in two succeeding generations of the family. We remember these ancestral incidents when we read a debate in the Diet, in which Bismarck's ministerial policy toward the Roman Church was challenged. He suddenly paused in his hesitating speech and cried out: "Be sure of one thing, gentlemen; *we shall not go to Canossa.*" All Protestant Prussia felt a thrill, as if Luther had re-appeared and nailed another challenge on the gate leading to Rome. His ancestors were among the gentry of the Mark of Brandenburg for several centuries, and not infrequently were found in the public service of their liege lords. Few, however, attained any special distinction. They were generally fond of country life and field sports; and this taste was in-

herited and eagerly indulged by Otto von Bismarck in his younger days.

The great statesman himself was born at the plain family seat of Schönhausen, on the 1st of April, 1815. All Europe was then in a whirl of warlike excitement. Napoleon had returned from Elba the first of the previous month, and the French Army had joined him. Russia, Prussia, and England were hurrying to crush him. Europe was trembling under the march of armed men toward the Belgian border, where in June the field of Waterloo was fought. Prussia and her capital had then hardly recovered from the humiliation of the recent presence and rule of the French invaders. The Tugendbund had been inaugurated by Von Stein in order to recover Germany from its French demoralization, and to associate her best spirits in a patriotic "League of Virtue," which soon became a society for the political deliverance of Germany. In 1813, the masses had risen, and by that magnificent effort, which made an epoch in German history, had expelled her invaders. We may assume, therefore, that the earliest influences which made an impression on the youthful mind of Bismarck were those of a bold and self-sacrificing Prussian patriotism, with sharp hostility to the French, and of the glorious services of a brave army, whose latest deeds were written just after his birth, when Blücher with his corps of 50,000 men and 100 guns arrived at Waterloo, and with "blood and iron" broke the wearied ranks of Napoleon, and won security for the peace of Europe.

With such impressions, and at the early age of six years, he was sent from home to enter the schools of Berlin. He pursued his studies there until 1832, when his course was directed to the University for the study of the law, having first been confirmed on his sixteenth birthday as a Christian believer by the famous theologian Schleiermacher. In this earlier period he was in no way peculiarly distinguished save by his affectionate attachment to home interests, by a good intelligence in his studies, by special attention to history, and by his aptitude in acquiring thoroughly the French and English languages. His teacher certifies to his kind and affectionate ways in the household, and that his conduct was so commendable that he was rarely amenable to censure. His Latin exercises were good, "but not sufficiently polished"—a qualification which professors of rhetoric may equally apply to all his parliamentary speeches. His audiences, however, have never

failed to comprehend his meaning. That point he always assures. He was fond of horses and dogs. He swam well, and danced well, and rode well, and fenced well. He was tall, rather slender, carried himself erectly, with an air which did not invite familiarity, but which neither then repelled nor now repels those whose intercourse with him is marked by self-respect and respect for him.

At the age of seventeen he began the career of a student at the University of Göttingen. His desire had been to go to Heidelberg; but his mother, who seems to have had the vigorous and directing mind of the home circle, considered that beer-drinking, which she detested, was too characteristic of Heidelberg and much less so at Göttingen. So to Göttingen he went. But he found there also numerous shrines dedicated to Gambrinus, and he was not slow to follow the well-beaten paths which led to them. The wild liberty of the student life took possession of young Bismarck, who had been until then restrained within the rigorous habitudes of school and domestic life in Berlin. He neglected the lectures, but he fought twenty duels within the first three terms, receiving but a single wound. As the time of examination approached, he gathered himself together, attended two lectures, and for the rest depended on his reading. He succeeded in obtaining his degree. In 1835 he was sworn as an "Examiner," and acted as clerk in the city police. Something of the student wildness continued in him, and many stories are told of his eccentric actions and resolute temper. A year or two later he changed his experience from the judicial to the administrative offices. Then, in 1838, came his military service.

At this time the family financial fortunes were going to the bad, and he was obliged to take the personal control of one of the wasted estates in Pomerania. To this agricultural occupation he devoted himself with energy and partial success. But soon the contrast of this tranquil life of practical labor, at the age of twenty-three, with the late freedom of the university, and the jollity of the military mess-room, became too much for him. He suffered from disgust and melancholy. Then, for a time, his wild frolics with the few companions he could gather to him in his bachelor solitude made the neighborhood ring with the reckless performances of "mad Bismarck." After a time, this wild period of porter-and-champagne night-caps, and the recklessness of an unsatisfied life, ended, and books and travels and some of-

ficial duties followed. In 1845 he came into possession of Schönhofen, after the death of both his parents.

During all this period of wildness and uncertainty touching the question of his life, whether it was to be wasted or utilized—and it is said there was for a time a woman at the bottom of the doubt—one bright star was ever shining in the azure field of his destiny. The affection between himself and his only sister was as bright and beautiful as that between bridegroom and bride. His real nature blossoms in variegated charms as he writes with fullness and frankness to that much-loved sister. In these letters his wit sparkles, and his affection glows. They are charming revelations of a character which requires only a closer companionship to banish all clouds of dissatisfaction from his life, and to give him a steady impulse to that useful and noble career which Providence was preparing for him. “I feel lonely and forsaken,” says he, in 1845, at the age of thirty, “and this mild, damp weather makes me melancholy, and longingly prone to love. I cannot help it; in the end I must marry.” While waiting for this more intimate companionship which he felt was indispensable to the proper regulation of his life, the restrained intimacies of his soul found an outlet toward this sister whom he addressed as “Dear Maldewine,” “Dear little one,” “Darling little one,” “Most dear Creusa,” “My angel,” and by many other affectionate titles. Among men, his wit has always something sharp, ironical, biting. But her ear receives other tones, playful, even sentimental. He is ordered to sea-bathing. He describes for her the landscape, and the sea, and his daily life. “I have made great friends with the lake; every day I sail for some hours, fish, and shoot at seals. I only killed one of the last; such a gentle dog’s face, with large, handsome eyes; I was really sorry.” Certainly this is not a cruel ogre at the age of twenty-nine.

While he was serving in the Uhlan Cavalry, in 1842, his groom, who was the son of a forester on his estate, rode into the lake to give the horse a bath. Missing his footing, the rider was thrown, and disappeared in the water. Bismarck was standing with a group of officers on the bridge, and saw his sinking groom. In an instant his sword and uniform were on the ground, and he leaped into the lake. He found the struggling man, and seized him. But in the blind agony of a drowning man he clung so tightly to his master that Bismarck, helpless, was obliged to dive with his

burden to loosen the hold. It seemed both were lost. But, soon after, bubbles rose to the surface, followed by Bismarck, who in the depths had detached the grip of the man, and now appeared, dragging his groom with him, and swam to the shore. The inanimate form was restored to life, and the following day to duty. For this act he afterward received the Prussian medal for "Rescue from Peril," which was his first decoration ; and he proudly wore it when he had no other. Nor has he since abandoned it, for it finds its place still amid the highest orders which European monarchs have since showered upon his breast. His friends are fond of telling his answer to a much decorated diplomatist who, seeing this lonely medal on his young colleague's coat, inquired what decoration it was. Herr von Bismarck, who, at that time, had no title and had earned no courtly decoration, looked him hard in the eye and said : "I am in the habit sometimes of saving a man's life."

His indefinite domestic longing of the spring-time of 1845 became definite in 1847, when he married Johanna, a lady of the Von Putkammer family, who now, in her grandmotherhood, as I saw her, retains the sympathetic charms of noble bearing, and quick intelligence, and generous appreciation, which must, in her youth, have assured him of his happy choice. But the pious parents of the bride were not so well assured of their daughter's election. Said her father, when the fräulein confessed her affection for the Junker Bismarck, "It seemed as if I had been felled with an axe." Both parents had heard the stories of the reckless pranks of the "mad Bismarck," and feared the future of their daughter with such a husband. The father yielded, but the mother still protested till her tearful eyes saw, in her own house, the fond embrace with which the groom clasped her daughter in his arms. She was reconciled to the match, and became after it his devoted friend. They were married in July of that year, after Bismarck had taken for the first time his seat in the Parliament of the United Diets of Prussia. From this time we hear no more of the recklessness of the student, of the mess-room, or of the bachelor's country-seat. He was safely anchored, or more correctly, his sails were now filled with favorable winds, and his bark bore away steadily on the voyage of life, unconsciously bearing with it the fortunes of king and country, of Germany and the Germans, and even of the neighboring prin-

cialties, kingdoms, and empires. What millions of anxious eyes have since watched the course of that richly freighted vessel ; what millions of varied tongues have invoked upon it the blessings or the woes of Heaven ! Its voyage is not yet ended, though it has penetrated many lands, and touched many islands of many seas.

Before entering upon the intensely interesting career of Bismarck the Statesman, there remains something more to be said to illustrate the personality of the man himself. We shall find various data during the years following his marriage to aid us in forming a correct judgment.

We have had glimpses of the simple and joyous affectionateness of his nature as displayed to his sister during his bachelor life. We fail to find any distinguished friendships with men. Whether in the gymnasium at Berlin, or in the University of Göttingen, though some acquaintances were more familiar than others, we hear of none of those personal attachments which carry their freight of sweet associations and friendly sympathies across all the wastes of life to the end. No early companion is recorded who found all his subsequent career watched by the friendly eye, advanced by the friendly hand, of Bismarck. Bismarck himself never leaned on such an one for his own advancement. He found, in the society of men, amusement, occupation, good fellowship ; apparently nothing more. I do not find that any parting cost him a sigh, still less a tear. There is no Damon and Pythias episode of his career. In his youth and in his maturity he seemed to be sufficient to himself, and quite as ready to give or receive a challenge as to form a friendship. He was self-contained. His own thoughts held him, little influenced by emanations from other brains. His real soul was a hermit among the souls of men. So far as we know, it rarely issued from its cave, except under the attractive influence of sister or wife. To some of these latter conversations we have been admitted, and from them gain clearer views of the secluded part of his nature.

Thus at the age of thirty-six he writes to his wife, four years after their marriage, when he is traveling in the Rhine regions which, fourteen years previously, had been the scene of his idle and wild life.

“The day before yesterday I went to Wiesbaden, and looked with a mixture of sadness and premature wisdom at the scenes of my former follies. If only

it would please God to fill up with clear, strong wine the vessel in which at twenty-one the muddy champagne of youth frothed up to so little purpose! . . . What changes my views of life have undergone in the fourteen years that have elapsed since that time, each in its turn seeming to me the correct one; how much that I then thought great now appears small; how much now seems honorable that I then despised! How much fresh foliage may still grow out of our inner man, giving shade, rustling in the wind, becoming worthless and faded, before another fourteen years have passed—before 1865, if only we live so long. I cannot imagine how a man who thinks at all about himself, and yet refuses to hear anything about God, can endure life without weariness and self-aborrence. I cannot think how I endured it formerly. If I had to live now as then without God, without you, without children, I don't know why I should not throw off this life like a dirty shirt."

So this seemingly hard soil seems to have kept all these years, safe and alive beneath its worn surface, the seed of duty and religious conviction.

Three years after marriage, and after the birth of two children, he writes to his sister in his old lively style :

"Johanna, at this moment in the arms of Lieutenant Morpheus, will have told you of my present fate; the boy roaring in a major key, the girl in a minor one, two nursery-maids singing, while I, a devoted *pater-familias*, sit by in the midst of wet clothes and feeding-bottles."

Again, to the same sister, he writes from Frankfort :

"I say to myself every day that it is impossible to exist in November without one's wife and children."

In 1862, from Biarritz, he writes to his wife of the beauties of nature in that region, and says :

"It makes me feel quite guilty to see so many beautiful things without you. If you could only be transported here through the air, I would at once set off with you to San Sebastian."

We have two more views of the life which flowed within the seclusion of his breast, and which allies him still more deeply with our common nature. In 1851, in the frank and frequently poetic vein customary with him in addressing his wife, he writes to her late in the evening, when he had

"Come in from a walk in the lovely summer night air, where soft moonlight and whispering poplar leaves have wiped off the dust of public business. On Saturday afternoon I drove to Rudesheim, then took a boat and rowed out into the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, with only my nose and eyes out of the tepid water, as far as the Mäusethurm at Bingen, where the wicked bishop died. There is something wonderfully dreamy in lying on the water

like that in a warm, still night, slowly carried along by the stream, gazing up at the sky, and moon, and stars above me, and on either side moonlit castle towers and wooded mountain tops, hearing nothing but the gentle splashing of one's own motion : I should like to have such a swim every evening. Then I drank some first-rate wine, and sat a long time smoking with L. on the balcony, with the Rhine beneath us. The starry sky above us and my little Testament brought us to religious topics, and I tried for a long time to shake the tendency of his mind to the moral teaching of Rousseau, with no result but that of silencing him."

Ten years later this "fresh foliage" of religious feeling was still growing out of the inner man, at the mature age of forty-six, and with greater earnestness. To his sister's husband, who was grieving over the loss of a much-loved child, he wrote :

"A harder trial you could scarcely have had; thus to lose so lovable and healthy a child, and with him bury all the hopes which bid fair to be the joy of your old age. Such a sorrow will endure so long as you live. I feel this for you with deep and painful sympathy. We are in God's powerful hand, without help or advice, unless He will help us Himself; and we can do nothing but resign ourselves in humility to His ordinances. He can take away from us all that He gave; leave us entirely solitary, and our grief would only be the more bitter, the more we let it degenerate into rebellious resistance. . . . How all the little cares and annoyances which are inseparable from our daily life disappear in the presence of real sorrow; and I feel like so many reproaches the recollections of all the complaints and vain longings in which I have indulged, forgetting how many blessings God gives us and how many dangers surround without touching us. We must not cling to the world nor make ourselves too much at home in it; twenty or thirty years more at most, and we shall both be beyond the troubles of this life, and our children will have reached our present stand-point, and see with surprise that the life which they began so eagerly is already going down hill. If that were to be the end of it all, it would not be worth the dressing and undressing. . . . But the thought that death is only the passage to another life will avail but little to soothe your grief. . . . At our age we do not make ties which can console us for those which cease to exist. Therefore, let us hold together with all the stronger love till we also are parted by death, as your son is parted from us now. Who knows how soon!"

This was written after he had served in Parliament some years, and had twice filled ambassadorial functions. After he became Prime Minister, he concluded a political review addressed to a friend with these words :

"My feeling of gratitude for the support which God has given us rises into the conviction that He also knows how to turn our errors into our good; I feel this daily, and am at once humiliated and comforted."

"Trust in God, dear one," is the ejaculation with which he comforts the anxieties of his wife, in hours of danger to himself.

There are readers who will find in these disclosures of his inner character only the commonplaces of a religious formality. I find in them, on the contrary, that sincere conviction of divine control and human duty which has been the basis of the greatest and most beneficent characters of all the Christian period of history. Hypocrisy, and superficiality, and blind conformity to the views of others, are traits for which no intelligent critic can find the smallest place in the character of Bismarck. If he is not frank even to audacity, thorough to the core, personally independent even to the acceptance of isolation, he is nothing. There is no hole or corner of his nature where moral cowardice could lurk. It was not upon such considerations that he had in possession the Christian Testament on the night of that long swim by moonlight, past the enchanted tower of Bingen on the Rhine. Not in such base bondage did he denounce to his friend the hollow morality of Rousseau, write in confidential intimacy of his own humility in the presence of his Maker, or invoke for a brother in his grief the spirit of resignation and submission to the divine order. It is no longer the reckless student, or the "mad" lieutenant, who speaks. It is the mature man, who had bruised his feet in traversing the faithless wastes of life, and had only found a fruitful soil in a career controlled by duty, by a sense of responsibility, and by the consequent faith in divine protection. This was most evident in 1866, at the most anxious and critical period of his entire official career, when five shots at close range from the hand of an assassin failed to do more than inflict two slight wounds upon him. After himself seizing the assassin, and holding him during the last three shots, he turned him over to the guard, and proceeded quietly home, where a dinner party awaited him. He saluted the company with an undisturbed countenance, and only some minutes later, upon leaving the saloon for the dining-room, stooped to his wife and kissed her on the forehead, saying, "My child, they have shot at me, but there is no harm done;" and proceeded to the table and said the usual grace. But the next day, his previous anxious doubts touching his decisive plans against Austria were dissipated in the light of this divine protection, which he accepted as Heaven's approval of his purpose.

Nor were his Christian convictions reserved alone for private

expression. In a debate on the emancipation of the Jews, he subjected them openly to the antagonisms of Parliamentary debate, and discussed them as the basis of national policy.

The Prussian law made communion with some one of the Christian churches a qualification for a seat in the Diet.

"We were told yesterday," said he, in 1847, "that Christian supremacy was an idle fiction, an invention of recent State philosophers. I am of opinion that the idea of Christian supremacy is as ancient as the *ci devant* Holy Roman Empire—as ancient as the great family of European States; that it is in fact the very soil in which these States have taken root; and that every State which wishes an enduring existence, if it desires to point to any justification for that existence when called in question, must be constituted on a religious basis. . . . I can only recognize as the will of God that which is contained in the Christian Gospels, and I believe I am within my right when I call such a State Christian, whose problem is to realize and verify the doctrine of Christianity. Therefore, gentlemen, let us not diminish the Christianity of the people by showing that it is superfluous to the legislature: let us not deprive the people of the belief that our legislation is derived from the fountain of Christianity; and that the State seeks to promote the realization of Christianity, though that end may not always be attained."

This sketch of the outer and inner man, Otto von Bismarck, is sufficient to reveal him to us as he was in his youth, and in the earlier stages of his great career. A tall man, of commanding presence, reserved with his fellows, rarely intimate beyond the circle of his own family, clear and firm in his religious and political convictions, with courage unquestioned, he rather commanded adherents by their identity of sentiment and opinion, than won them by the persuasive arts of oratory. His frank and unflinching expression of his views, his devoted loyalty to his King, which tolerated nowhere an insult to the Crown, his always resolute bearing, these qualities attracted intuitively to him, as to a born leader, the entire Conservative interest. His coolness seemed to grow to ice in the midst of excitement, while his firm eye emitted not even a flash.

In the early days of the Liberal agitation at Berlin, when the beer-halls were centers of heated and noisy discussions, Bismarck was seated at a table with a friend, quietly taking his beer. A noisy drinker at a neighboring table, a stranger to him, commenced a railing talk at him for his silence. Getting no reply, he grew more disrespectful, and at last advanced, mug in hand, threatening to throw the beer in his face. Bismarck then rose, gave him a

blow under the chin which sent him reeling to the floor, breaking chair and glass in his fall. The succeeding silence was broken by Bismarck's quiet voice assuring the hostess of the place that he would pay for the damaged furniture. He requested the companions of his adversary to observe that he had not provoked the affair; but if anything further was wanted, he handed them his card.

It is only one of many incidents of his career showing the absence in him of the hasty impulses of passion, and the presence instead of a quiet, steady firmness of resolution, in the face of personal and political antagonisms. The same steadiness of character and nature was displayed in his constant loyalty to his sovereign. In this he has never wavered by a hair's breadth, in private, in parliament, on the battle-field, or in council. It is not to be forgotten that by this anchor he held amidst all changes of constitutions, compacts, and laws. Changes certainly might be made, but rather to augment than diminish the power of the State. Promote the welfare and happiness of the people, yes; not by giving them domination of the royal prerogative, but by subordinating them to the crown-wearing head of the State. So he believed, and so he fought.

With these opinions he began his public career in 1847 as a member of the United Diets, at the age of thirty-two years, in troublous and critical times, as well for the Prussian Crown as for all Germany and Western Europe. Everywhere the people were fermenting with the doctrines of Liberalism and popular rights. In Prussia, the monarchy was absolute. The bureaucratic rule was offensive and oppressive. The King's father had allowed a Diet to each of the eight provinces of Prussia. Frederick William III. had just yielded again so far as to grant a brief constitution for Prussia, if the royal decrees of February, 1847, deserve so dignified a name. By these ordinances he assembled at Berlin a union of these provincial bodies under the name of the United Diets, and promised that no new loan in time of peace should be contracted without their consent, nor new imposts introduced, nor existing taxes increased without their concurrence. Ever since the national uprising of 1813 the desire of the people for constitutional guaranties and for participation in the government had been increasing. At this time every periodical press in Prussia was Liberal. The partisans of

the royal prerogative had not a single organ in the kingdom. All the popular orators were Liberal. Upon the first assemblage of the United Diets not only was the Conservative Party unorganized, but in their ranks appeared not one orator with ability to capture or control an audience. Bismarck himself was only a hesitating speaker. The fluent Liberal orators called forth storms of applause, while Bismarck's firm, opposing, but modest speeches for the rights of the Crown were met with murmurs and hisses. On the first occasion of a speech from him his Conservative declaration, of no great significance in itself, was met with such uproar of disorder that he could not proceed. He coolly pulled from his pocket a newspaper and read it till the president restored order, when he laid it aside and proceeded with his speech. At that time he, like a great majority of his countrymen, was partially under the influence of the Liberal spirit of the times. But in this Assembly he heard only the rounded periods of scholastic and theoretic eloquence. There was little evidence of practical statesmanship. There was hot eagerness leaping toward change, but no patience for experimental developments. He perceived that the late royal decrees were not accepted as a finality. They were to be regarded only as the first installment of a more complete and constitutional Liberalism. His opponents were already impatient for much longer strides forward. The King's speech, which reads like a chapter from the records of the ancient Assyrian Kings, had denounced all such expectations. The Crown, at the opening of the chamber, declared:

"I am forced to the solemn declaration that no power on earth will ever succeed in moving me to change the natural relation between Prince and people into something merely conventional or constitutional; and that, once for all, I will never suffer a written sheet of paper to force itself in, as it were a second Providence, between our Lord God in Heaven and this people, in order to rule us with its paragraphs, and to replace by them our ancient, and time-hallowed, trusty reliance upon each other."

This royal bar was already disregarded in the speeches to which Bismarck listened, and in the articles which he read. The Tribune and the press alike clamored for more progress. He resisted the increasing waves. The higher the storm rose, the more resolved became his resisting energy. The Liberal press, with united and clamorous voices, assailed him. He was ridiculed, denounced, contumelies rained upon him. No friendly public press then

existed to defend him. His enemies had the whole printed field of Germany to themselves. They covered it with the seeds of hostility and bitterness so thoroughly that it required a score of years, and changed conditions of the press, to even partially eradicate the noxious growths of popular distrust.

It is not surprising that in face of this storm of partisan reproaches Bismarck's incipient Liberalism faded from his mind. He defied their spoken and printed jibes with scornful denunciations. He could not convince, he would not sue for favors ; but he could leave on his enemies the marks of his bitter sarcasms. He believed that behind the flowery speeches of his rhetorical opponents was the tendency to overthrow existing institutions, with no security against chaotic results to the State. On one side was patriotism, with loosely defined aims floating in the enthusiastic imaginations of the orators ; on the other was patriotism, seeking logical and orderly development for the good of the State, and backed by force. The first was anticipating a premature millennium. The second planted itself in the present, and marched with measured step toward the better future. Long, therefore, very long did Prussia wait before discovering in the victim of these popular denunciations the heroic soul who was destined to lift the bowed heads of all Prussians into the sunlight of national glory, to aggrandize Prussian territory, to reconstitute German unity, to humiliate their ancient Gallic enemy, to revenge the occupation of Berlin by the conquest of Paris, and to become himself the most illustrious figure of the nineteenth century.

JOHN A. KASSON.